JARED MEES
& THE GROWN
CHILDREN
ONLY GOOD THOUGHTS CAN STAY

## Hungry Like a Tiger

I'm breathing good air through good lungs with a good heart beating. And a problem, ain't a problem unless you keep on feeding it. Because its hungry like a tiger, we got that tiger by the toe. Unless it hollers for its mama, we ain't gonna let that tiger go. I'm breathing good air in a warm home, it feels holy watching the snow, and the flat lines and our true loves are the two sure things we know. We feel lucky like a penny, that some penny pincher saved. We could get dropped in the gutter and still make somebody's day. We've got those lungs that breathe and sigh. Please just give me the truth and a warm place to lie and unflinching I'll give you the best years of my life. And while the lungs make the melodies, its the cocktail kit in my chest cavity that makes a simple beat that you can tap along in time. I'm breathing good air in a warm car on this midnight train from Eden. And the good lungs and the good hearts all keep breathing and beating. They're beating 2, 4, 6, 8 as they count up their blessings and the things they appreciate. They're beating 2, 4, 6, 8 as I count all the ways I love you and the things I appreciate.

## Limber Hearts

The hearts! The hearts! The limber hearts that bend but never break. The hands! The hands! The sober hands that still each morning shake. The time! The time! The slippery time we wish we could get back. The crackle and the hissing of the kindling and the tenderest of flames. "Holler if you can hear me! Holler nice and long and loud! Holler if you can hear me!" said the Poet to the crowd. And the crowd rang forth a cry. They said: "The high life can't last forever!" The breath! The breath! The frozen breath that billows from our lungs. The songs! The songs! The ghostly songs that haunt us till they're sung. The light! The light! The fading light we wish we could get back. The terror and the trembling and the wide eyes at the thought of breaking free. "Holler if you can hear me! Holler nice and long and loud! Holler if you can hear me!" said the Poet to the crowd. And the crowd rang forth a cry. They said: "The high life can't last forever!"

## W.W.J.B.D.

You had a panic attack in The Petrified Forest one night. You'd been sick since santa cruz it was your one day off in 25. And they let you catch your breath under a billion starred New Mexican sky. You had another outside Austin; you were driving when suddenly you couldn't breathe. You were listening to a show about a widow who was horribly bereaved only she had saved his seed and she was still gonna have his baby. And you ended up on your knees in the red sand sobbing into the phone to me back in Portland. I said "I know it's overwhelming and I don't blame you a bit, you feel like everything's so beautiful and you're scared you're gonna lose it. But just take ten deep breaths, try to smile if you can, get up out of the sand. Because this is what you wanted though it isn't what you planned. You're not dying your soul just can't keep up with the van." You caught a fever in Grand Junction, it was the best show of the tour. The kids were all ecstatic but their passion was just too much to endure. You sent me a blurry photo that said "why can't music always be this pure?" And you busted up your wrist in La Grande trying to jump a train. You said "sometimes staring death in the face takes its power away!" I said "that's not the sort of thing a person wants to hear their loved one say." The van left you there on the tracks all hammered and confused. Which illustrates the paradox we face when paying our dues: its all coming together, though it feels like such a mess. It just takes a little faith to quell that chaos in your chest so just take ten deep breaths try to smile if you can, get the hell out of La Grande, because this is what you wanted though it isn't what you planned. You're not dying, your soul just can't keep up with the van.

Billy Bird

It was a baby bird. We put it in a box and we gave it a first name. We called him Billy Bird, after our favorite outlaw though we knew this was no game. He died a simple death, just before Dad got home. I didn't cry but my brother sobbed. We dug a tiny hole out in the summer clay by the Aspen grove. We made a tiny cross out of sticks and grass to mark the shallow grave. I asked my Mom, "so what happens next?" She said, "Well, first we're gonna pray...and then he stays here and we go home." I'd just turned 12 years old. My brother was 18. We'd been driving for two days. Dad made comedic quips, while mother bit her lip and they even tolerated our punk band's demo tape. All my brother's crap was piled up in back and the way he rambled on I could tell that he was nervous. We saw the Hoover Dam and the Grand Canyon and even wrestled till the front desk called in Vegas. Then we drove silently into the city and a campus made of stone. When we unloaded his stuff, Dad was sad but tough. He said "don't forget how to use the phone." Then he stayed there and we went home. You cut down the tree, turn the tree into wood, turn the wood into ash, make that ash into mud. You turn that mud into clay, and that clay into stone, then you carve out a hole and you call it a home. Then the belly gets all big and round and family comes from out of town. You plant a tree to make it all true so when the wind comes whistling through it goes "ah-ooh-ooh-ooh" "Can you go home?"

Inaudible Song Part 2.

It was something they said was against their disposition. All the planning, and preening and pomp! But there she was in white, just coming down the aisle, with her hand through her father's arm. As I began the program on that hot August night, I saw my son's eyes glint with red as he looked to the seat where his mother would've sat and saw a vase of flowers instead. And you must've seen it all because you played the processional. You know what its like living with someone who's living, but just won't be living for long. And at the reception you whispered, "just hold on" At the heart of it we're still just a couple kids hitting pots and pans along to some inaudible song. And I've come to trust it can't be sung with out us. It is the breath, we are the lungs, this much I know. She plays more than music she plays what saves my soul. Ten months later I flew out to see him, (you and I'd been together for two. It did not go well, he told me to go to hell, when I told him about me and you. He said "I like her fine as my old music teacher and she's great as a family friend, but it hasn't been a year and now you're standing here saying you want to get married again?" I said, "You know how hard its been. You were there at the end. But you say 'go on living' but I'm tired of living if I'm gonna be living alone. I can only keep this up for so long"

Tiny Toy Piano

I was head over heart over heels for you as you knocked with your helmet and bike wheel. My grandma offered you cookies as she cleaned up our card game. You asked her how he was, and she said "oh about the same." You said "I'm so sorry, it must be so awful hard." She nodded as she let, the dog into the yard. She said "yes but what I do in times like this is read what he wrote me after our very first kiss...he said: 'Our love is like a deep sea submarine. We're getting down to the bottom of things because the surface was just too boring...though we may not ever be returning. Its like a hard tail motor-bike just burning up the road, its fast and wild and scary but its pretty safe if truth be told'" For 50 years I fell further every foot. For 50 years falling never felt so good. My grandma followed my grampa like my mother did my dad. And soon I came to realize maybe it wouldn't be so bad. So please don't be sorry, its a natural thing no worse. I knew we both had to go I just thought I would be first. But since these people have all come to pay their last respects, I thought I'd read the last words you ever said. You said: "Our love is like a two step country dance. It's half fun and half romance and you can learn it in a few seconds and spend your whole lifetime in its trance. Its like a hard tail motor-bike just burning up the road, its fast and wild and scary but its pretty safe if truth be told... "Our love is like a tiny toy piano thats missing a few keys. But we can play around them, if its good enough for jazz well then its good enough for me. Our love's a tiny toy piano. It's missing a few keys but we can do without them because a little dissonance always sounded beautiful to me.

Inaudible Song Part 1
You could light up a room when you were in full bloom. You had so much living left to be given, just when your living was through. And though I must stumble on the heart of it sings for you.

Juicy Fruit
You tell me you quit, you mean you quit buying. You tell me you stopped, you mean you stopped trying. The waves are crashing o'er the tops of the sails. Breaking the backs of those big humpback whales and singin: "Oh No, oh my God I can't believe. Sweet surrender, tattoo that ship on my sleeve. Holy hallelujah I'm losing hold. There's so many things I want but all that I'm getting's old. "You say miracles just an over reaction, I say thats a good way to get one to happen. The winds done blown the cradle's on the lawn, the bow's done broke and your baby's long gone. You're singing: "Oh No, oh my God I can't believe. Sweet surrender, tattoo that ship on my sleeve. Holy hallelujah I'm losing hold. There's so many things I want but all that I'm getting's old."

Even Little Mountains
Metronomes couldn't compete with the perfect placement of our heartbeats. Lying here while the curtain ascends the silence fades and our day begins. And the paradox ensues, our catch 22. You can't hear it without me and I can't keep up without you. And you've got these wooden poles to get up over the sound, but I gotta yell so loud to get you to look down. And the question of the day is who will lead and who will get out of the way. Lover fair up on stilts waltzing with that precarious tilt. Either you come down, or you pull me back up, but we're taking off. Other days, we drug the cuts of the hired men that keep us locked up. I've got my sheets all stretched and bound, hanging from the windows for us to climb down, but if we're gonna go, we gotta go right now. As I climb down the rope breaks, close to the ground so I'm okay, but now you've got a tough, tough choice to make... And as the lights and sirens blare, my voice cracks in despair because I'm down here, and you're up there. Lover fair up on the ledge trust me now its an easy catch. Either you jump now, or you pull me back up, but we're taking off. You whisper: "Child, lover, friend; regardless how this whole thing ends, hands to heart, lungs to lips, swear to God, long as I live. This quaking frame, this trembling grasp, these shrinking days, this expanding past. Until we're all truly free at last, soaring over treetops no shadows cast. No lofty stilts or rended sheets, just echoes of perfectly placed heartbeats.

Graverobbers
Gather round close now friends and I'll tell you this tragic story about a graverobber who tried to have his partner killed and buried. She was the widow that ran the little hilltop cemetery. They split the profits and his family was on the need to know. She dug the holes and he counted the gold, but greed made his heart cold. A subtle poison tried to make it look like she got old. As far as he knew that Sunday she was buried with her gold, but six feet deep his shovel struck what he knew was no coffin, but a tombstone with his own name and these words: you dug the holes, and I counted the gold, but now you'll never get old. Thief got spooked and decided it was time to make his exit when a shovel full of dirt rained down upon his head. He looked up to see the old lady alive and singing "The only grave that you'll be robbing from now on will be your own! You dug the holes, and I counted the gold, but you'll never get old!" "And as your grave slowly fills with the dirt with which you spent your life I want you to at least have the gold for which you died. And as the gold rains down and your screams get muffled by the earth, know your family will be watched over as if they were mine"

Shake
I am trying to shake shake shake shake shake shake shake shake shake shake all these blues away. Only good thoughts can stay. I am trying to burn burn burn burn burn burn burn burn burn burn down this lonely forest with a single chorus sung in a minor key. I am trying to love what I'll have to leave and I'm trying not grieve prematurely. I am trying to calm you down but you're way beyond, singing that same old song I'll never sing.

All songs written by Jared Mees C Casa Azul Music 2011 (ASCAP)
Arranged by Jared Mees & The Grown Children
String Arrangements by Javier Madrigal
Produced by Adam Selzer and Jared Mees & The Grown Children
Engineered and mixed by Adam Selzer at Type Foundry and Scenic Burroughs, Portland, OR
Mastered by Carl Saff
Photographs and cutouts by Jaclyn Campanaro
Layout by Andrew Sloan

Jared Mees -Vocals, Electric and Acoustic Guitars,
Megan Spear - Hammond, Piano, Wurlitzer, Pump Organ, Vibraphone, Wood Block, Bells, Tom Drum, Vocals,
Joe Bowden - Drum Kit, Timpany Drum, Kabasa, Shaker,
Quilty Kim - Bass, Nashville Guitar, Vocals
Javier Madrigal - Electric Guitar, Trumpet, Vocals
Gabriel Minchow - Cello
Eric Tergerson - Viola
Choir - Jesse Laney, Emily Onstott, Francesca and Aaron Cronan, Jon Ragel, Tyler Keene, Ryan Swiggans, Theo Craig, Jerome Nobles, Brianne Mees and Stella

Photos by - Jaclyn Campanaro, Caesy Oney, Jeffery Dillon

Thank You!
Brianne Mees, Jaclyn Campanaro, Andrew Sloan, Adam Selzer, Theo Craig, Sam Guerrero, Evan Neuhausen, Carl Saff, Tyler Kohlhoff, Sean McCormick, Josiah Payne, Megan Cronin, Aaron Sweet, Sam Cooper, Nicholas Locascio, Kevin Fitzpatrick, Jake Hershman, Andrew Klabzaba, Eric Stipe, Jordan Dykstra, Santiago Uceda, Matt, Lois and Todd Mees, Bill and Michele Forbes, Rita Bowden, Pauline Elizabeth, John Bradley Spear, John and Patricia Bronersky, Mom and Dad Madrigal, Adrian Madrigal, Joel Madrigal, Ronan Baker, Skyler Norwood, Brandon Thompson, George Corrona, Nate Snell, Bill McNally, Keith Westmoreland, Skip Werner, Nathan Walker, Joan Hiller, Casey Jarman, Michael Mannheimer, Ezra Ace Caraeff, Ed Juan, Ezra Johnson, Brad Schmidt, Jerome Nobles, Ryan Coppenger, Phil Rios, The Johnsons, Cy Henry, Ben Hubbird, Luz Elena Mendoza, Jason Benavidez, Carmen Campbell, Paul Koehler, Jeremy Wilson, Grandma Bea, Alison Gomez, Eli Hannah, Seth Kaufman, Jeremy Peterson, Denise Kowalczyk, Guy Wagner, Charles from Alex's, Chris Cirigliano, Matthew Ross, Matt King, Ingrid Renan, Party on Wayne, Ron Toms, Sam Soule, Matthew McLean, Haytham Abduladi, Jeni Rose , Evergreen Community Church, Finn Riggins, World's Greatest Ghosts, Boy Eats Drum Machine, Monarques, Hosannas, Typhoon, Super XX Man, Y La Bamba, Yeah Great Fine, The Denouement, And And And, The Ocean Floor, Loch Lomond, Black Whales, Small Sur, Starving Daughters, Gratitillium, Dirty Mittens, Alan Singley and all the other amazing bands we've played with. To all the people who ever let us stay at their house or helped set up a show or bought an album. And to everyone who believes!